So pretty it hurts

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So pretty it hurts

by Flightless_Bird

Summary

> ““And how were you planning on convincing him to follow you outside?”
>
> Will shrugged. “Flirting.”
>
> Hannibal just about choked. “What?” ”
>
> Or: Hannibal really disapproves of Will’s hunting methods.

Notes

> This is a favorite of mine, for sure, I love writing new little stories for these two to be in in this au. And also coming up with new shitty ocs for them to kill lmao
>
> Title inspired by “Bad Idea,” by girl in red :3
>
> I hope you like it, and if you did, please consider commenting, they make my day!
>
> Thank you for reading! :)

The bar was moderately crowded, lights dimmed to sultry blues and purples, chatter and music humming along. It was fairly early in the night, so it would no doubt grow livelier in the next few hours.

“Well,” Hannibal huffed, slipping inside next to Will, “I hope you have a plan.”

Will pouted at him as the two began to make their way to the bar. “You really want me to drop this one, don’t you?”

“It’s just not my usual choice of—“ Hannibal reared back to avoid a drunk-looking man stumbling past them, “—venue.”

“You can grab a drink and stay behind if you want,” Will suggested. “I can handle him.”

That caught Hannibal’s interest; he always liked watching Will on a hunt. “Oh?”

“Yeah, he shouldn’t be much trouble.” Letting Hannibal choose a seat at the side of the bar and flag down the bartender, Will casted a glance toward their man.

He was seated at the opposite end of the bar, a man with short sand-brown hair, in a navy shirt with half the buttons undone. Will had noticed him earlier that day, walking a golden retriever. The man had kicked it hard enough for it to yelp and cower, and Will had wanted him dead since.

Hannibal had ordered now, and turned to see Will reaching back to search for the clasp of the thin golden chain around his neck. Hannibal’s brow furrowed in confusion. “And how were you planning on convincing him to follow you outside?”

Will shrugged. “Flirting.”

Hannibal just about choked. “What?”

Yeah, Will had known he wouldn’t take it very well. Finally opening his necklace, he slipped his ring off the end and re-clasped the chain. “Hold this for me?” he asked, handing the ring to Hannibal. It was a twin to the one on Hannibal’s lefthand ring finger.

Hannibal blinked down at the ring in his hand then back up at Will. “*What?”*

“It’s the fastest, easiest way, and you know it,” Will told him. “…and don’t give me that look, I can pull it off. I’m not *that* ugly.” He flashed a teasing smile, hoping to dispel some of Hannibal’s soured mood.

Hannibal’s shocked expression darkened into a scowl. “Oh, so I’m supposed to ‘grab a drink,’ and watch, while you *flirt* with someone else?”

“Fun, right?

“*Excuse* me?”

The bartender had been inching up behind them, trying to get Hannibal's attention, and flinched away again at that. He met Will's gaze questioningly and Will nodded a reassurance; Hannibal's glass was placed on the bar at his elbow and then the bartender swiftly left them to their discussion.

"C'mon," Will went on, leaning against the bar next to Hannibal and sliding his drink toward him in invitation. He bent closer and lowered his voice. "Imagine how much more fun it'll be for you to kill him afterward."

Hannibal's eyes glinted irritable crimson under the lights. "I thought this was your kill."

"I was thinking that if you manage to behave yourself the whole time, I might let you in on it a little more," Will chirped.

Hannibal glared at him as he reluctantly lifted his glass from the bar. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

"A little," Will smirked. "You're hot when you're jealous." He let his gaze wander over Hannibal from head to toe as he said it.

Hannibal grumbled something in response, a little pink around the ears.

He really did look good tonight for the occasion, of course in black, save for the deep maroon shirt under the open suit jacket. It was the most casual he'd dressed for an outing in a while, forgoing a tie or waistcoat, and leaving his collar undone. As much as Will enjoyed riling Hannibal up, he was a touch regretful that he wouldn't be spending the whole night at his side.

"You don't know if this will work," Hannibal hedged, frowning down into his drink. It was something cotton-pink that smelled vaguely of candied fruit.

"Yeah, I do. Flirting's easy."

"Really?" Hannibal bit out around his straw, sounding rather pissed that Will thought so.

Will rolled his eyes. *Just no fun, are you?* "You just gotta know what they like. Watch."

He stepped closer to Hannibal, prompting him to turn himself toward Will in puzzlement. Then Hannibal's eyes widened as Will swung a leg over to straddle his lap, one hand anchored on the bar behind Hannibal. Maintaining eye contact, Will caught Hannibal's straw in his lips to take a sip, their foreheads touching. A flustered blush rose prettily in Hannibal's cheeks, and his gaze roamed from the faded denim stretched across Will's thighs all the way up to his mouth. Someone nearby wolf-whistled at the pair and Will's mouth hiked up into a rakish grin.

"See?" Will asked, low and near-husky into the inches between them. "You'd let me take you home now, right, baby?"

Hannibal shuttered off into a frown again. "I would've done that anyway."

Chuckling, Will leaned in to place a soft kiss on Hannibal's cheek and murmured in his ear, "I'll make it up to you later…any way you want." He traced the curve of Hannibal's ear with his nose and felt him shiver under Will.

When Will leaned back again, Hannibal sighed loudly, exasperatedly. "…*fine*."

Smiling a sweet *love-you* smile, Will slid back down from his lap, despite the endearing expression of disappointment on Hannibal's face. "How do I look?" he asked playfully.

Hannibal glanced over Will's leather jacket and T-shirt as though they personally offended him by being a part of this whole charade at all. "Fine," he said again.

Will raised his eyebrows. "Fine?"

"*Fine*."

"That'll work. Try not to break any necks while I'm gone, sweetheart."

Hannibal looked as though he wanted to break Will's neck, but he said nothing as Will turned away. He turned Will's ring over in his hands once before pocketing it, tapping against it five times to make sure it was safe.

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Charlie was working through his second drink of the night and trying in vain to catch the eye of the tattooed bartender. He'd been hanging around here since he'd come in, hoping that maybe they could form something of a conversation. It hadn't been going too well so far. *Oh, wait, maybe I can—Nope, there he goes again.*

Feeling a little rejected, he went back to trying to find his straw with his teeth. He really struggled with it, but he'd seen someone catch their straw with their teeth rather than their lips once and it looked so much hotter to him. He wanted that. But, damn, it was hard to find a straw when you couldn't exactly feel it the same way anymore…

"Come here often?"

The voice came from his left, and Charlie blinked over at the man that had sauntered up to him. Looked to be a bit shorter than Charlie, with dark ginger-tinged hair, sticking up in a charmingly messy way at the front; there was a nasty scar twisting one half of his face and hitching into his mouth, but he was still pretty cute. Charlie grinned back at him. "That's your opening line?"

"If it worked, yeah." The man leaned an arm against the bar and dropped his gaze over Charlie once, then back up again. His eyes were very blue.

"It might," Charlie shrugged. "What's your name?"

“Will. Yours?”

“Charles, but my friends call me Charlie.”

“Charlie then.” Will tipped his head toward the bartender. “Let me buy you a drink?”

And, well, who was Charlie to turn down a free drink from a cute guy?

Will watched Charlie struggle to find the straw of his drink with his teeth and dreamily imagined throttling him in the back alley. This was going well so far, as predicted. “Why’re you here by yourself?” he asked.

Charlie snorted. “Let me guess, I’m ‘too pretty’ to be here all on my lonesome?”

Shifting just a bit closer, Will let his eyes flit to Charlie’s mouth and linger there until he knew it had been noticed. “Something like that.”

“To be honest,” Charlie began, in that drawl some men adopted when they realized someone was interested in them, “I was hopin’ I could find someone to share a drink with…”

Will raised his eyebrows. “Is that all?”

“I dunno, y’know how it is,” Charlie went on in that lilting, flirty tone. “Drinks lead to talking, lead to dancing, lead to…after dancing.”

“Dancing?” Will wrinkled his nose.

“It’s a bar, isn’t it?”

“Guess I’m used to skipping that step.” Letting the bar take more of his weight, Will turned himself more toward Charlie. “Hope you don’t mind.”

Charlie shook his head immediately. “I don’t mind.”

They managed to get the bartender’s attention again for another drink, Charlie aiming to loosen his nerves and Will all too accommodating of that. As Charlie’s attention was taken up with his order, Will glanced curiously over his shoulder to see if Hannibal was catching all of this.

He sure is, he thought amusedly, finding Hannibal’s simmering gaze across the bar. He didn’t look to be touching his drink much anymore, just gripping the glass as he watched Will. When their eyes met, his scowl deepened. *He’s so cute when he’s all possessive.* Will dared to wink at him and Hannibal looked as though he wanted to start flipping chairs.

Smirking to himself, Will turned back to Charlie, only to find the poor man struggling with his straw again. Bless his little doomed soul. “You have a lot of trouble with that,” Will couldn’t help but remark.

“I know, ugh,” Charlie laughed.

“Here.” Mindful of Hannibal’s gaze hot on his back, Will sidled into Charlie’s personal space and caught the straw between two fingers. He kept half-lidded eye contact as Charlie turned bright red and took the straw between his teeth.

Oh yeah, Hannibal was going to be pissed.

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Hannibal was *pissed*.

He seethed as he watched that man gawking at Will, the two of them laughing together, *laughing, what the fuck are they laughing at?* Charlie giggled something to Will and Will smiled back, and holy shit, Hannibal had never hated anything more.

His drink was mostly forgotten now, and he was only holding onto it to appear more normal in this godforsaken bar and to try to find something else to focus on. Will shot him a chiding look over his shoulder and Hannibal frowned back. Will winked, unbearably attractive and utterly infuriating.

Hannibal gripped his glass in his hand and glared down into it. He was so above this, he reminded himself, he was *so* above this stupid petty emotion, this was for a *kill*, they would be *killing* this man in twenty minutes tops, this was nothing, this was—*is Will holding his straw for him?!*

Gaping as it happened, Hannibal fumed at more of Charlie’s stupid giggles, and Will grinning back like he was funny, murmuring something to him. Charlie was getting this drunken, dreamy look on his face, practically eye-fucking Will every chance he got, and Hannibal *needed* to slit his throat. Fury seared up his windpipe when Charlie hooked a finger around Will’s necklace as he spoke, and Will laughed at whatever moronic thing he said.

“I’m going to *kill him*,” Hannibal growled aloud.

The bartender, who had been curiously observing the entire affair since catching the couple bickering earlier, leaned over toward him. “Which one?”

“I haven’t decided yet.”

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Oh, Will had him.

Charlie wasn't even really that drunk, but Will had him. He could see it in the way Charlie looked him up and down, eyes catching on his mouth, his belt. He'd leave with Will for sure.

Will had kept up the charade pretty well so far, but did have to swallow down discomfort when Charlie had caught his necklace around his finger, knuckles grazing Will's collarbone. Will had gotten away with barely touching him, besides a hand on his shoulder earlier. He couldn't wait to murder this man.

He tipped his head toward the door. "Wanna get out of here?"

Charlie's eyebrows flew up, but a wide grin was already spreading over his face. "Really? Now?"

"Yeah," Will shrugged. "Getting kinda boring in here." He flashed a crooked smile. "I can think of something better for us to do."

"Okay," Charlie agreed eagerly, slipping off of the barstool.

He followed along behind Will across the bar to the entrance. Will shot Hannibal a look as he passed: *ready?*

He'd never seen Hannibal look so happy before.

Out into the street and the damp pre-storm air, Will tugged Charlie by the sleeve toward the alleyway alongside the building. Charlie only stumbled a little, all too pleased to go along with whatever Will wanted. He only gave a tiny "*oh*" when Will suddenly planted a hand on his chest and shoved him up against the brick wall.

"I didn't know you were into this kinda thing, baby," he laughed.

He settled his hands at Will's hips, and Will glared down them. "You're not gonna like this next bit," he warned, reaching into his jacket pocket.

"Wh—?"

Charlie didn't get any farther than that.

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Clouds had crowded together in the dusky sky, blotting out the first venturing stars, as Will made his way back through the trees toward the car. He always hated the cleanup part. It involved some trekking in the woods tonight, and it was boring. Hannibal was in much better spirits though, brushing their shoulders together on the way back.

"God, I hated that guy," Will scoffed, as they emerged from the tree line.

Hannibal glanced sideways at him, eyebrows raised. "*You* hated him?"

"C'mon, you know I was only fooling around to get him back here." Will elbowed Hannibal's side playfully, drawing a noncommittal grunt out of him. He was probably going to try and stay stubbornly irritated with Will for at least the rest of the night. "You got my ring?" Will asked, as they neared the car.

"Oh. Yes." It was starting to mist steadily as Hannibal slipped the ring from his pocket. Will held out his hand expectantly, blinking when instead Hannibal stepped closer and looped two fingers around Will's necklace.

"Let me."

Smiling, Will turned to lean back against the car as Hannibal slid the chain around on his neck to find the clasp. Will watched him unhook it and slip the ring back on, slinging his fingers idly around Hannibal's belt loops.

"Thanks—*mm?*" He broke off as Hannibal suddenly kissed him, deep and slow, up against the car. Threading his fingers up into Will's hair, Hannibal pressed himself flush against Will to bring their hips together.

Will gasped and Hannibal growled into the space between them, "I *hated* watching you with him."

Will couldn't help but smirk. "I know."

Hannibal's grip tightened in his hair and he steered Will's head to one side so he could kiss down his neck. Will shivered at an annoyed drag of canines over his jugular.

"You're infuriating," Hannibal muttered into his skin.

"You love me," Will teased breathlessly.

"I never want you talking to someone else like that again. I never want you *looking* at someone else like that again."

Will ran a hand through Hannibal's hair. "You know I didn't mean it."

"I don't care," Hannibal returned. He sucked a bruise into Will's throat over the necklace, the chain pressing satisfyingly into his skin. His fingers in Will's hair curled enough to hurt and Will gasped out a moan.

"I love seeing you like this," he rasped, fingernails catching in the back of Hannibal's jacket.

Hannibal's eyes glinted near-red. "Get in the car."

They both fumbled for the door handle, and Will was shoved into the backseat. He already had his jacket halfway down his arms when Hannibal yanked the car door shut and climbed on top of him. He kissed Will fiercely, breaths hot and mingling together, as he clawed at Will's clothes. Will helped him push his jeans down until they hung around one ankle, veins

alight with Hannibal's impatience. Hannibal sat up and yanked Will up with him, tugging a leg over his lap so that Will straddled him. He was still fully clothed and Will couldn't deny how much he liked it, to be pushed around in the meantime and made to do whatever Hannibal wanted.

"You're not afraid of someone finding us?" Will asked breathily. "Seeing me like this?"

"Even if they did—" Hannibal mouthed along Will's jaw, gripping his thighs. "—I'd be tempted to let them see you handing yourself over to me so I can remind you of your place."

Will tangled his fingers in Hannibal's hair, trying to angle his head up to kiss him again. "And where's that?"

"Here," Hannibal murmured raggedly. "Desperate in my hands." He dragged a hand between Will's legs and Will groaned, rolling his hips into the touch and planting his hand on the back of the seat behind Hannibal. Hannibal's other hand splayed across the small of his back to reel him in farther.

The drizzle outside had been weighed down into a downpour, pounding the roof, fogging the windows, breathing like Will's gasps and Hannibal's metallic voice in the dark.

"God—*Fuck*, Hannibal," Will moaned, hips stuttering.

"Oh, *darling*," Hannibal purred, "you're so pretty, it hurts."

"*Please*."

"Tell me you're mine, sweet thing, and no one else's."

"*I'm yours, I'm yours."* Will's orgasm rocked through him with a muffled cry into Hannibal's shoulder, shudders running the length of his spine. Still catching his breath, he lifted his head to see Hannibal near a mess, clothes and hair rumpled from Will's hands, flushed, and maroon eyes searing into Will. Without a word, Will reached down to unbuckle Hannibal's belt.

Hannibal's voice came in a rasp. "So eager to touch me…"

Will looked up at him from under his lashes. "I always wanna touch you," he whispered, still hoarse. He worked his hand past Hannibal's waistband and Hannibal's head lolled to one side, a sighing sound of pleasure leaving his chest. Will kissed over his neck, tender almost-soothing kisses, adoring kisses. "Let me take care of you now, baby."

Hannibal bucked his hips off the seat into him, soft noises hitching up his throat. Sooty hair fell across his brow, lashes drooping low as his eyes shut, and Will thought he was such a beautiful, deadly thing like this. "*God*, I'm so in love with you," he whispered, and Hannibal arched up over the edge, shaking, with Will's name on his tongue.

For a long moment, there was only heavy breaths between them amidst the driving rain. Hannibal rested his forehead against Will's. "That was…"

Will grinned rakishly. “Hot.”

“This better not encourage you to pull a stunt like that again,” Hannibal chuckled, skimming his fingers up and down Will’s back.

“If you really hate it that much, I won’t.” Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s shoulders. “But you *are* sexy when you’re jealous,” he added slyly. “And you know who I’ll always come home with.”

Hannibal reached up to fiddle with Will’s ring around his neck, watching the way his own tapped against it and glinted in the rainsoaked night. “I do.”

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